tioned. His illustrations are halftones from photographs. "The Interdependence of the Arts of Design" is much the same sort of book, though it has a wider scope. In this case all of the arts, pictorial and plastic, decorative and industrial, are brought into the discussion, and with his numerous illustrations the author exhibits the artistic impulse as it has manifested itself alike in great cathedrals and modest works in glass or lacquer. The elucidation of the many artistic motives touched upon is always sympathetic, and sometimes entertaining. On the other hand, the generalizations which we are led by the title of the book to expect are neither as obvious nor as weighty as we would like them to be.

The most welcome of recent additions to "Newnes' Library of the Applied Arts" is Mr. Kendrick's "English Embroidery." The author adheres throughout to the commendable system adopted in this series from the start. He brings the knowledge of a specialist to his task, and at the same time is careful to avoid pedantry. England has never rivalled the South as a source of art, in the ordinary sense of the term, but in the field of needle craft she has always stood high. We hear of Pope Innocent IV admiring certain English vestments in the middle of the thirteenth century and sending to the Cistercians in the North for some gold embroideries. For a long time thereafter the Church was a constant patron of English needlewomen, but the Reformation put an end to their activities in ecclesiastical directions. At that time, according to Mr. Kendrick, many early masterpieces left the country, were burned for the precious metals they contained, or were put to secular uses. "Many private men's parlors," says the historian, "were hung with altar cloths, their tables and beds covered with copes, instead of carpets and coverlids."

We see the same thing done to-day. Bales of beautiful old vestments have been sold by European dealers to Americans, who make the resplendent stuffs serve a decorative purpose. English embroidery is identified not only with the church, but with the state. Royalty constantly employed it in its trappings, and sometimes, by the way, royalty itself plied the needle. Queen Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots were both skilled in the daintiest of all feminine arts. Many of the three thousand dresses in Elizabeth's wardrobe were richly embroidered, and doubtless some of them were testimonies to her own taste and aptitude with the needle. Mr. Kendrick's book is necessarily made up in great part of running comment on the examples supplied in his collection of handsome illustrations. He makes a good practical guide. Mr. Percy Hate proves himself in his "English Table Glass," written for the same series, another trustworthy commentator, but we must confess that he is far less readable. This, perhaps, is due to the fact that the glass he describes is, in the main, of greater historical than artistic interest. The forms of the glasses, bowls and cups which he reproduces are rarely graceful and never really beautiful. However, there are collectors for everything in our modern world.

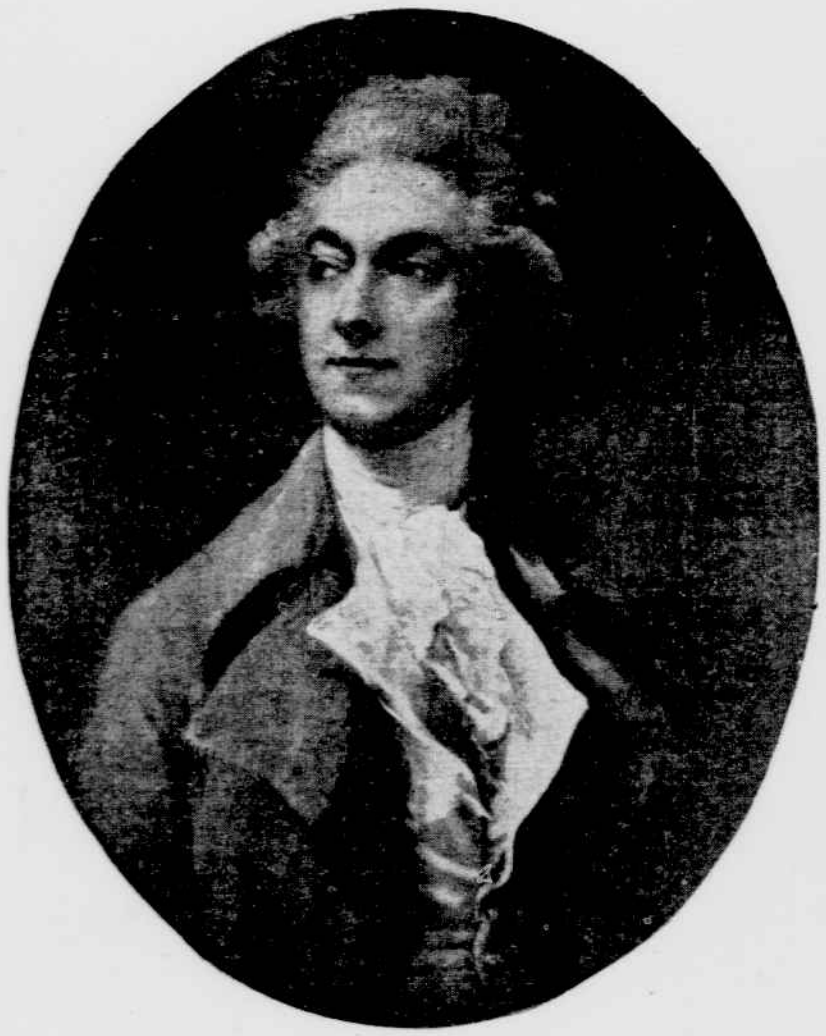
Mr. Algernon Graves, a member of the well known firm of London art dealers, has undertaken the heroic task of publishing a catalogue of the contributions made to the exhibitions of the Royal Academy from its foundation in 1769 to the year 1904. As the first volume shows, he has also resolved to make it possible for any possessor of the work to carry the record on indefinitely; at the end of each alphabetical division there are blank pages for the making of additional notes. The first of the stately quartos in which the catalogue is being printed has for frontispiece a reproduction of Reynolds's portrait of himself, and each of the further instalments will likewise include a portrait of one of the presidents of the Academy. The list in this volume is extended only from Abbayne to Carrington, which suggests that the work, when completed, will be one of imposing dimensions. Its usefulness will not, of course, be appreciated by every one, but to the biographer, the historian, or the critic it should be of considerable value. Take, for example, the question of Burne-Jones's relations to the Academy. It is known that he was anything but an assiduous contributor. But if the investigator wants to know just what he did send to Burlington House all that it is necessary to do is to refer to this compendium, in which the exhibits the painter made in 1886 and 1894 are duly recorded.

Mr. Graves has not indulged himself to any extent in the pleasures of annotation, but here and there he brings an amusing fragment into his pages. Lord Rosebery has lent him his set of catalogues containing Walpole's notes, and we may learn accordingly that Brompton's portrait of the Prince of Wales, exhibited in 1772, struck the critic of Strawberry Hill as "genteel and both highly finished," and that this and a companion portrait of the Bishop of Osnaburg were painted for Lady Charlotte Finch, their Governess. Mr. Graves quotes some of the inscriptions borne by the old pictures he enumerates. Occasionally these are quaint, indeed. It appears that William Redmore Bigg painted the landscape which he exhibited in 1814 because he wanted to show the "extraordinary effect produced by lightning, June 28, 1813, which struck an oak tree upon a farm near Hill-hall in Essex, belonging to Sir W. Smyth, Bart., and shivered in so surprising a manner, as to have pieces of great magnitude carried to the distance of an hundred yards." Another title affixed to a painting sent by Sir George Beaumont to the exhibition of 1799 is so long as to be ridiculous, but we must find room in which to quote it intact:

Portrait of Elizabeth Woods, of Creeting Hills, Suffolk, born of respectable parents in the year 1710, and now living. This singular character, having been by degrees deprived of the greatest part of her house, rather than quit possession, persevered in residing with her two daughters in the remaining ruins, and open chimney, and an oven, that served as their storeroom and wardrobe, having nothing to defend themselves from the weather, in a high and bleak situation, but a screen of bushes, which they shifted according to the direction of the wind. Here they lived sixteen years. At the time this sketch was made the humanity of the neighbors had added a slight shed, and they are, at present, protected from the inclemency of the weather.

We wish that Mr. Graves had found room for more of this sort of thing. As it is, we are seriously in his debt for a work of reference which, if not likely to be of service every day, is bound to be of very real service on the occasions when it *is* needed.

One of the most creditable volumes ever issued from the Government Press at Washington is the "Catalogue of the Gardiner Greene Hubbard Collection of Engravings," which has been compiled by Arthur Jeffrey Parsons, and has been issued by the Library of Congress. This collection, especially rich in portraits of Napoleon and Cromwell, but also strengthened by good examples of the historic schools of Italy, Germany and France, was presented to the Library of Congress by Mrs. Hubbard in 1898. Mr. Parsons, Chief of Division of Prints, has for a long time been overhauling it and making the present list. He has prepared a worthy record of the 2,707 prints. An etched portrait of Mr. Hubbard is prefixed to the stout volume, his bookplate is given, and there are ten reproductions of salient engravings. Brought out with all the luxury of fine paper and presswork and tasteful binding, this is a government publication which every amateur of prints will be glad to see.



MR. VESTRIS.
(From the portrait by Thomas Gainsborough.)

HENRY NEWBOLT.
(From a photograph.)

TRAGIC TALES.

The Ups and Downs of Romance Here and Abroad.

BROKE OF COVENDEN. By J. C. Snaith. 12mo, pp. 382. Herbert B. Turner & Co.

THE QUAKERESS. A Tale. By Charles Heber Clark (Max Adeler). With eight illustrations, four in colors by George Globs. 12mo, pp. 392. The John C. Winston Company.

THE HOUSE OF CARDS. A Record. By John Heigh. 12mo, pp. 370. The Macmillan Company.

AN EMBARRASSING ORPHAN. By W. E. Norris. 12mo, pp. iii, 330. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Company.

British society receives a ruthless flaying at the hands of Mr. Snaith in "Broke of Covenden." The story deals with the tottering fortunes of the house of Broke, represented by a county squire, serene in his bulldog pride of ancestry on the edge of disaster, with his marvellously managing wife, their handsome, expensive son and their six plain, horsy daughters. It is a tragedy of heredity and hidebound convention, but relieved with a grim, sardonic humor in the telling, and brightened by the love idyl of the youngest girl and a detrimental man of letters. The plot is unfolded in a series of well drawn pictures of British county life, filled in with a various assortment of highly accentuated types, and moves slowly, but relentlessly to a climax that is but partly averted by a somewhat fortuitous contrivance of the novelist. The moral is that of Robertson's "Caste," but more naturally developed than in that comedy. Though the story is long, it is worth reading.

It is hard to tell what moral Mr. Clark intends to point in his tale of Pennsylvania Quaker life in Civil War times, "The Quakeress," unless it is that a conventional garb and a serious view of life are weak armor against the assaults of passion. This story, too, is a tragedy—a tragedy of the soul—and the author's power is shown in his success in preserving the reader's sympathy for the heroine, despite her love for an unworthy suitor, even after she is only saved from throwing herself away by a rather clumsily arranged accident. Many touches of Mr. Clark's well known whimsicality of humor help to offset the sombre side of the romance, and there is much bright interplay of individualized characters. There is a certain incongruity in interspersing Mr. Gibbs's idealized drawings in colors with photographs of actual buildings and localities.

The author of "The House of Cards," who masquerades as "Major John Heigh," evidently is a firm believer in the theory that language was, indeed, devised to conceal thought. His story, so far as it can be disentangled from its baffling verbiage, is directed at the modern evil of commercially controlled politics, and is pointed by the record of the life of a domestically and socially admirable Philadelphia "magnate," who is, nevertheless, a glaring example of the "system" which is now the favorite theme of exploitation in the monthly magazines. The foundations of the "record" are laid in the early '60s; the cupola is of the Rooseveltian era; and the author, in exhibiting the structure, takes the reader on many a confusing up and down trip in his literary elevator. There is a skeleton framework of a contemporaneous love affair, but it is pretty successfully concealed under the too elaborate trim.

Mr. Norris pays the penalty of making the supposititious narrator of "An Embarrassing Orphan" a retired Indian civil servant, who is too advanced in years to be exactly vivacious. It is natural for Sir Edward Denne to write in the vein of this book, and the author is to be commended, we suppose, for maintaining the old gentleman's tone throughout. But is it the tone best calculated to make a novel of the sort entertaining? We doubt it. At all events, "An Embarrassing Orphan" is somewhat tedious where it might easily have been made a very different kind of story. The heroine is a girl whose father dies, leaving her a fortune. She is not to know anything about the money, however, until she completes her twenty-first year or is married, and in case she chooses the wrong man, Sir Edward, who is made her guardian, is authorized to distribute the bulk of the estate in charity, giving her only a small income. The substance of the book is made up of his difficulties in diplomatically guiding Miss Elsie Britten into the right matrimonial port. The problem is a serious one, and in the solution of it poor old Sir Edward gets entangled in all manner of complications.

LITERARY NOTES.

That Mr. Kipling owes a debt to the late John Hay is the conviction of "The London Spectator." In Hay's dialect poems, this critic declares, it is not too much to say that he made a real contribution to the poetry of our race. "Though Mr. Kipling's genius is essentially original, he unquestionably drew inspiration for the type of poetry which we now regard as specially his own from the verse of Mr. Hay. Jim Bludso handed on the torch to Gunga Din."

It is recalled by "The British Weekly" that more than a quarter of a century ago Mr. Swinburne published in a periodical called "The Tatler" a novel in thirty chapters, which he called "A Year's Letters."

The letters purported to be written by a Mrs. Horace Manners, and they were prefaced by an ironical letter to the author, beginning: "Dear Madam: I have read your manuscript with due care and attention, and regret that I cannot but pass upon it a verdict anything but favorable. A long sojourn in France, it appears to me, has vitiated your principles and confused your judgments."

It would be interesting to know if "Love's Cross-Currents," the novel by Mr. Swinburne which we recently reviewed, is this old tale of "A Year's Letters," revamped for the market of to-day.

The July number of "The Burlington Magazine," published by Robert Grier Cooke, is especially rich in articles of a practical nature. Mr. Lawrence Weaver begins some illustrated notes on English architectural lead work, which is to say the heads for rain water pipes, which show that, in the old days, even the plumber was capable of artistic performances. The brief account of a charming seventeenth century wall paper, which Mr. Russell contributes, indicates another source of valuable suggestion for the modern designer. Architects will be interested in Mr. Dell's description of Sutton Place by Guildford, the Tudor manor house, which ever since its erection by Sir Richard Weston, in the sixteenth century, has remained in the possession of the same family, though it is now leased by Sir Alfred Harmsworth, of "The Daily Mail." The best illustration in the magazine this month is the frontispiece, after the beautiful portrait of Mr. Vestris, by Gainsborough, belonging to Mr. Asher Wertheimer, which we reproduce. In the notes on "Art in America," something should have been said about the recent dedication of the Albright Gallery at Buffalo and the fine loan exhibition organized for the occasion.

The self-advertising methods of authors have evoked some amusing paragraphs from the commentator of "The London Academy." Here are some of his recollections:

We were once shown a letter addressed by a popular writer to the editor of a leading daily paper. It inclosed a long report describing how the popular writer had lost his way in a fog on one of the mountains in the Lake district, but had ultimately found it again, and requested that publicity might be given to the announcement in large type. More recently we met an indiscreet publisher who had just returned from saying good-by at Charing Cross to a leading author on his departure for the Continent. He showed us two paragraphs in the author's handwriting which had been given him for circulation. The first paragraph stated that the eminent author was going abroad for the benefit of his health, which was causing anxiety to his admirers; the second that the alarming rumors as to the author's health were grossly exaggerated, and that he was, in fact, on the highroad to recovery from what had only been a slight indisposition. We are almost tempted to offer a prize to any one who can guess the author's name.

Mr. Henry Newbolt's ballads of England's old sea fighters long ago gave him a place of his own among the minor poets of the day. Recalling them, we cannot but feel that their author was just the man to write such a book as he has now published in "The Year of Trafalgar." This gives a concise and a comprehensive narrative of the naval campaign of 1805, written with the sympathy and the vigor to be expected of the man who wrote "Drake's Drum." Following the prose in the volume, there is a collection of verses commemorating Nelson's victory.

Among the curious entries in the new volume of "A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles" (Mandragora to Matter) is that giving the history of the Shakespearian phrase "Marry come up!" "Marry" was "originally the name of the Virgin Mary, used as an oath or ejaculatory invocation. In the sixteenth century, when 'Marry' had probably ceased to be commonly apprehended as anything more than a mere interjection, the sound of the oath 'By Mary Gipcy' (i. e., 'By St. Mary of Egypt') seems to have suggested the addition to it of the interjections 'Gip, Gup,' and as these were commonly used in driving horses, the equivalent 'come up' was afterward substituted."

Again "The Pall Mall Magazine" has changed editors, the new officer being Charles Morley, a clever nephew of John Morley. He had been assistant editor of the periodical for many years.